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THE WEEK 347
NOTE ON MUSSOLINI *Joseph T. Durkin* 351
WHERE DO THE PEOPLE LIVE? *W. D. Jacobs* 354
AS HATEFUL ARES BIDS *W. H. Auden* 355
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 357
THE OPERA SEASON *Chester Kallman* 358
PRESCRIPTION FOR DEMOCRACY *Edward Skillin, Jr.* 359
MORE BOOKS OF THE WEEK 360
Artists on Art—The Death of Virgil—Outside Eden—Men Without Guns—Trial Balance—The Question of Henry James—The Short Stories of Henry James—Agriculture in an Unstable Economy
THE INNER FORUM 366

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Epiphany 1946

IT IS only honest to recognize that the Church makes a much smaller impact upon the American mind than might be expected from the number of Catholics in the United States. How can the slightness of our contribution to American culture be satisfactorily explained. Surely it cannot be ascribed to any prevalent anti-Catholic bias.

A few widely-held impressions give a clue. Americans, generally, are far more aware of the athletic prowess of Catholic colleges than they are of the scholarship and the scholars which these institutions produce. The casual reader of the Catholic press is seldom encouraged by the professional competence he encounters in these periodicals to investigate further. And how many visitors to the average parish church are edified by the examples of religious art which they find there? How often would they experience a rendering of the chant comparable to that which first moved Augustine while he was still a Manichean? Indeed much of the American Catholic façade conceals the majesty which is within.

The whole concept of hierarchy is a difficult one for the American mind. The strongly democratic and autonomous aspects of the organization of the Church simply never occur to the casual observer. Furthermore, the American hierarchy itself is better known as a defender of such things as the sacred institution of marriage than as champion of the living wage for every worker. The Legion of Decency, also, is known everywhere and it plays a generally thankless rôle; official groups such as the Rural Life Conference and the NCWC Social Action Department are virtually unknown.

Of course by the very nature of their self-dedication the lives of thousands of Catholic men and women in this country and in foreign mission fields who have consecrated themselves to the spread of the Kingdom are hidden from the world. Only an occasional personal encounter gives the open-minded non-Catholic an intimation of the fires that blaze within. Or intimate friendship with a layman whose mystical experiences transform his everyday existence into a new life. It would seem that the devotees of the hidden life, rather than the activists, bear the most effective witness to the Word.

In every age the failings of Christians have blinded others to the truth and beauty of what they have professed. No less so in our day and in our country. No wonder, then, that the great bulk of our fellow Americans are unaware that nineteen hundred years ago was fulfilled the word of Isaias, the Prophet, which is a recurrent motif in the liturgy of the Feast of the Epiphany: "All they from Saba shall come bringing gold and frankincense, and showing forth praise to the Lord."

Japanese New Year

THE Emperor of Japan's New Year Rescript symbolizes and itself helps bring about one of the great changes consequent to the war . . . "The ties between us and our people have always stood upon mutual trust and affection. They do not depend upon mere legends and myths. They are not predicated on the false conception that the Emperor is divine and that the Japanese people are superior to other races and fated to rule the world." This spectacular double renunciation speaks a language very different from our modern Western tongues, and no one in this country has been able clearly to tell how much is poetry how much prose. The implications for the future, however, are surely Western, and modern. Hirohito in addition repeats the highly occidental words of his grandfather, written in the Meiji Charter Oath: "All the observed usages of old shall be broken through and the equity and justice to be found in the workings of nature shall serve as the basis of action."

This New Year's action of Hirohito is irreversible. The Emperor of Japan cannot again taken upon himself deity, and sanction divinely a universal imperial fate for the Japanese people. Gods cannot abdicate and then later reassert themselves and obtain the literal or effective

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credence of their people. This Japanese emperor will almost certainly never wish again the false, if ambiguous divinity formerly attributed by many subjects to his house. He is believed to be thoroughly sincere. He marks most dramatically both the immense overturn in Japan brought by Americans and the amazing acceptance of the changes by the Japanese.

However futile the United Nations Organization is, in the very long view—anthropological, perhaps, in contrast to historical—the rough unification of the world is a prime effect of this war period. Western European civilization, at the time when it is internally weakest and most obviously disintegrating, thrashes out all over the world and sweeps into the single over-all maelstrom the last surviving cultures that were not already quite overwhelmed by the colonial surge of the nineteenth century. Ethiopia, China, Japan, Persia, even New Guinea and Borneo are separated more radically from their own pasts and pulled more fully into the fragile tension of the Western network. Quite rightly Emperor Hirohito feels "deeply concerned to note that consequent upon the protracted war ending in our defeat our people are liable to grow restless and to fall into the slough of despond. Radical tendencies in excess are gradually spreading and the sense of morality tends to lose its hold on the people with the result that there are signs of confusion of thoughts."

With Gen. MacArthur we rejoice to the extent that in Japan "thought control and the abuse of education are no more." Exterior thought control, that is, and moral tyranny. But freedom from certain errors of the Japanese past is only a negative preamble. Elimination of the old gives no guarantee of the new. What does the West offer Japan to fill the vacuum portrayed by flattened and empty husks of old cities? This is a frankly conservative question, an anti-revolutionary consideration in the realms of religion, morality, culture and manners. The influence of one culture on another is a chancey thing, the sloughing off of an old civilization before the acquisition of a new leaves people uncivilized; cultures require organic growth and too sharp and unintelligent breaks in continuity terribly injure generations and generations.

In politics, the hardest problem, especially as the conqueror's arm is withdrawn, will be that of the fundamental basis of authority. The Japanese Emperor continues to assume absolute political monarchy, tempered by his ancestors' and his own constitutional utterances, but that assumption will quickly appear hollow. The past basis for it is removed by the current modest disclaimer. In our Western World which is engulfing Japan, kings had their day some time ago. Also, the fallacy of the supposed transfer of absolute authority to a current majority is more and more evident. Majority votes are too easily arranged and manipulated; majorities (as in Germany recently) can act too unpleasantly; too powerful groups support some kind of proportional representation, or refuse to give scope to majorities distasteful to them (as in Eastern Europe). The West has no settled and secure principle of political authority to offer Japan.

The Meiji Charter offers a stimulating suggestion in "the equity and justice to be found in the workings of nature." An agreement of citizens upon important aspects of the "natural law," an agreement rooted and protected in citizenly character and constitutional tradition, in a Bill of Rights and framework of political action appears to be the only alternative to tyranny or chaos which the Occident could suggest. (It is getting to be more a suggestion than an example.)

In religion, in morality, in the whole intellectual and emotional and spiritual foundation which underlies society, Hirohito's Rescript is a monument that could mark an age. Before the Japanese went to war, their empire was potentially the most fertile field of Christian missionary. It was considered the only country that might have experienced a mass conversion. The solidity of its society, the prestige of its rulers, the docility of its masses provided the raw materials for a religious change from the top down, and an important number of its highest and most influential families had Christians among their children. The mixture of Shinto in Japanese nationalism, loyalty to and dependence upon the royal family which was semi-deified even for the powerful and highly educated (together with some intransigently established pagan moral habits) were the most obvious impediments to Christian conversion. The new Japan will not present these same barriers. Total war, the atomic bomb and overwhelming force of arms are not an easy introduction to Christianity, no doubt, but the Japanese will see that those violences harass the conscience and the intelligence of the West as well as of the East. In another realm, Christianity and Japan can more fittingly meet, and Christianity can bring the future to the people. In his message, Hirohito writes, "Love of the family and love of country are especially strong in this country. With more of this devotion should we now work toward love of mankind." That hopeful and appealing statement of the second commandment reaches naturally to the first. It's worth a prayer and a devoted effort to bring Japan to know through our future deeds and words more of the Christian heritage originally entrusted to the midpoint between East and West. The effect of the atomic bomb would be small and unimportant compared to the effect of America and Japan joining in effective appreciation of Christianity.

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General Morgan and the Jews

IT WAS Fustel de Coulanges who kept saying to his students whenever they opened their mouths on any subject whatever: "Gentlemen, have you a text?" If they had no text he would not listen to them; they had no right to any opinion unless they could found it on a written document—on a fact—existing in itself outside of opinion, passion or controversy. He was an historian, and in the days before the wars—he died in 1890—history seemed mostly to be in the past and if you were getting very excited about the structure of the Greek city state it was of course very useful to know something about it before you talked about it.

In our days history has become a pressing matter entirely unconnected with the age of Pericles, and if it still remains extremely interesting to know what happened in the past before you talk about the past, it has become entirely necessary to know what is happening in the present before you talk about the present. More than ever we need a text—all the texts—uncensored, undistorted, before we talk.

We did not get them in the case of General Morgan, and the hysterical attack on this British officer in charge of UNRRA operations in Germany would not have been possible if the text of his remarks about an organized exodus of Jews from Poland had been published in full. He had called a press conference "to present a sober inventory of the displaced persons situation. He emphasized the gap between the UNRRA, which is a temporary agency, and what he called the hard core of the problem, which will be a permanent charge upon humanity unless definitive resettlement is planned. This hard core consists mostly of Baltic nationals and Jewish infiltrees. Sir Frederick's thesis—the purpose of his calling the conference—was to throw this problem to the world in the hope that some international organization would take steps to solve it. During a question and answer period that followed the conference, Sir Frederick made his widely-featured remarks about well-fed and well-clothed Jews, about the curiously well-organized movements that had succeeded in feeding these people through the tortuous byways of Central Europe and about his casual impression that they did not look like refugees from persecution. . . . The statements now widely quoted were qualified by other remarks that indicated his sympathy and concern for European Jews."

That is L. S. B. Shapiro of NANA writing in the New York *Times* but this excerpt from a reasoned and careful account of the press conference at which Mr. Shapiro was present appeared five days after the American press had featured, out of context, the few sentences into which an anti-Semitic feeling could be read. As a result of this absolute irresponsibility General Morgan was compared to Hitler, vilified and pilloried. As a far more important result, history, which advances inexorably with or without texts to read, has been left undirected and not influenced by public opinion in this matter of the homeless Jews. Because we did not get a proper text we went off on a witch hunt and every editorial that screamed at General Morgan deepened the dark night through which the Jews of Europe proceed.

Religion in Russia

TWO POINTS seem to stand out in the NCWC report of the comments of Father Leopold Braun A.A., on his return to America from twelve years in the Soviet capital. The first is the difficulty which Catholics encounter. Father Braun's Church of St. Louis des Français, which now has a new American pastor, is the only Catholic church in Moscow, although there are more than 22,000 Russian Catholics in that city. Russian Catholics in Leningrad are even more numerous but they have only one church and no priest.

His other point embodies a great hope for the future. Under the impact of the war and the policy of "benign toleration" toward religion which the Stalin régime has developed, many Orthodox churches have been reopened and are crowded. The anti-religious campaign is over. "Two thirds of the people of Russia are now believers in God." Moreover Father Braun expects the religious spirit of the Russian people, whom he greatly admires, "to thrive and attain more depth."

This testimony underlines the critical importance of developing harmonious relations with Russia during this transition period. A thoroughgoing religious revival in Soviet Russia would greatly lessen the likelihood of Russian aggression in the years to come.

Kaiser-Frazer Settlement

AS WE go to press the principal outlines of the agreement reached between the new Kaiser-Frazer Corporation—the latest newcomer in the auto industry—and the UAW have been released. It was a natural move for this firm to try to come to terms with the Auto Workers as quickly as possible. Kaiser-Frazer has a far more fluid price position and it is to its advantage to beat its larger competitors to the gun; for a new manufacturer such advantages outweigh cost differentials. But it must likewise be said that Henry J. Kaiser is an industrialist who does not have a fit of vertigo at the thought of dealing with labor unions.

What is particularly interesting about the agreement is the provision that for every completed car five dollars is to be placed in a pool

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which will annually be divided among the workers. This looks like constructive and useful thinking in the field of labor-management relations, since it will act as a powerful incentive to production while at the same time supplying a sanction against unauthorized work stoppages, it being agreed that all those participating in such stoppages shall automatically be excluded from sharing in the pool. Here is a valuable supplement to the merely moral suasion of union leadership.

Housing

TO THOSE of us who have been writing and thinking about the homes of America for a number of years, and have been perfectly conscious that what they said bored most people stiff, the columns and columns of print on this subject currently appearing in the daily press and in the large circulation weeklies must seem both tragic and pathetic. Four years ago, now, the present situation was already foreseeable, since it was obviously in the making. Three years ago I was already talking about it in these columns. Many devoted public servants in Washington have for years been urging remedial measures. Now, with a devastating situation clearly upon us, we have got to the point of naming committees and introducing bills and loudly beating ourselves upon our collective chests. Perhaps, after a sufficient tub-thumbing and hobby-riding, we shall arrive at a reasonably sensible program which will honestly meet the challenge. But for the sake of the record, I should like briefly to list some of the hurdles we shall have to vault—if only in the hope that this list may come to the attention of some of those whose thankless task it will be to apply themselves to a solution.

(1) *Labor.* No one can fairly accuse me or THE COMMONWEAL of having been anti-labor. Yet honesty compels us to place a proper share of the blame for the present situation upon the AFL building trades unions. It would be entirely unfair to say that these unions have *knowingly* done what they have done. Here is precisely the most damaging criticism which can be made of them—that they themselves did not know what their practices and policies would lead to. They have thought of only one thing: high wage scales for their members so that their members would be certain of reasonable annual incomes in an industry which was at one time truly seasonal but which is today fully three-quarters non-seasonal. In attaining this objective they have had the good fortune to deal with employers many of whom did not care how high wages rose because they worked on a "cost plus" or equivalent basis, whereby increased expenditures on wages equivlently increased contractors' profits and were simply passed on to the ultimate consumer. In other words, the building industry has in fact had so large a non-competitive area—without that industry itself fully realizing it—that a most unhealthy atmosphere has grown up. It is an industry geared to scarcity. And building labor has continuously been committed to a policy of fostered scarcity. It has not trained or wanted to train sufficient apprentices. It has become a trade of old men, very many of them too shaky to work on scaffolds. It has tried its level best to commit suicide.

(2) *Prefabrication.* The answer, you might think, is to cut the Gordian knot by means of prefabrication. Everything requiring any skill would be done in a factory, and the final product could then be set up on the site by unskilled labor. Assuming that the technical problems connected with prefabrication were all adequately solved—an assumption only the boldest man could dare make today—there would still be serious hurdles here. Almost all American urban and suburban communities have established building codes for themselves which represent the usual intertwining of needed protection and professional self-interest. Thus many such communities will not allow occupancy of a building in which the plumbing has not been installed by licensed plumbers, or the electrical wiring by licensed electricians. Very often there are practically no licensed plumbers or electricians who are not members of the appropriate AFL unions. So you can put up your prefabricated house, but the Board of Health will throw you out if you try to live in it. Nor do I mean to suggest that it would be wise to solve this problem by simple amendments to the building codes. Health obviously requires that plumbing conform to proper standards; safety obviously requires licensed electricians. The only solution to this, I believe, will be a gradual acceptance of prefabrication both by the public and by the skilled mechanics who will continue to be necessary if only as inspectors to safeguard the community.

(3) *Speculative Building.* Our greatest hurdle of all lies in the fact that the great majority of our housing units are constructed by persons who have no real financial responsibility once a sale has been made and a first payment has been handed over. Speculative builders put up houses by the hundreds, sell them like hot cakes, make their profits out of first payments and leave mortgagor and mortgagee respectively holding the bag. If the houses are badly constructed, if they rapidly deteriorate into slums, there is in effect no recourse against the builder. What is needed here is public education and a bonding system which will make the builder responsible. Without some move in this direction we may temporarily alleviate the present terrible shortage, but we will be creating precisely the same problem for ourselves all over again.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

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Note on Mussolini

Did he simply step into Giolitti's shoes?

Joseph T. Durkin

THERE is much talk at present of the necessity of guarding against the revival of fascism in Europe. Such apprehensions should be shared by Catholics; but in order to prevent a recurrence of the evil, it is imperative to understand precisely how fascism arose the last time.

Our attention will be confined to the case history of fascism in Italy. It is the theory of the writer that the roots of that political disease are to be found in the post-1870 Italian political system itself. Mussolini's totalitarianism was not really an innovation or a revolution. It was a continuation, in a more violent form, of an extra-constitutional process which had prevailed from the beginning of modern Italy. The peril today is that we shall permit the same process to be operative in the new political system of Italy. Obviously, if this interpretation is correct, there is need of a reorientation of our anti-fascist measures. It will be useless to concentrate our efforts against the totalitarians of 1919-1925 if the real causes of the evil lie much farther back.

The form of Italy's government since 1870 was a constitutional monarchy, with a parliamentary system modeled consciously on that of England. This *state liberale* was, on the whole, a considerable improvement over the previous disunited and misgoverned condition of the peninsula. It made the Italians politically, at least, one; it proclaimed the inviolability of the basic human liberties; it made possible the real beginnings of the economic development of the nation. Two great problems, admittedly, it failed to solve —the religious problem and the agrarian problem. These failures, however, must not blind us to the fact that the government of Italy after 1870 was built on that pattern which, by the consent of most men of western Europe, is best fitted to provide liberty, order, and material prosperity.

Yet, every student is familiar with the extraordinary fragility and ephemeral character of the Italian ministries after 1870. The average life span of a cabinet is but a few months. Ministries rise and fall with a rapidity which is alarming, forcing us to question seriously the stability of the parliamentary system itself.

Here, apparently, is a grave flaw in the pre-fascist governmental pattern of Italy. But, strangely enough, it is not the real flaw, but only the symptom, the surface indication of the real flaw. We have been mistaken in interpreting this evidence to mean that the Italian government was abnormally weak. On the contrary, the government was abnormally strong. And the peculiar set of circumstances which gave this abnormal strength to the government was precisely the root of the future fascism.

The distinctive fact about the post-1870 political scene in Italy is this: behind the constantly shifting cabinets and distinct from the legislature is always clearly perceptible a solid, powerful group which does not change when cabinets are changed. It is this group, and not the cabinets or the majorities in the legislature which holds the real governing power. This group is not a party, in the sense in which the Laborites in England or the Republicans in America are a party. It is a faction, a clique, a personal following of a single strong politician. It was able to seize power because, as all students admit, there were, throughout this period, no real political parties in Italy. It was dominant because, amid the surrounding instability, it was the only permanent body, the only body which maintained continuity of existence.

The focus of governing power, which, in a well-regulated parliamentary system, must reside in the legislature and in the legislature's executive committee, the cabinet, had shifted to an extra-constitutional body composed of a few strong men. This small, compact group could make and unmake parliamentary majorities at will, and, therefore, could make and unmake cabinets at will. Obviously, then, when a cabinet falls, the group does not fall. The kaleidoscopic changes in ministries should not blind us to the fact that we are here witnessing a usurpation of power which is paving the way for dictatorship.

★

The point will be made clear by an examination of Italian ministries from 1870 to 1899. No one denies that from 1861 to March of 1876 the government of Italy was in the hands of the leaders of the "Old Right." No one denies that it was these few men, and not the majority grouping, at any given moment, in the parliament, which

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made and unmade ministries. What is usually ignored, however, is the fact that the Left, when it came to power with Depretis's cabinet in March, 1876, continued the same tradition of rule by a super-parliamentary faction. Despite the frequent falls and reconstitutions of ministries from 1876 to August 7, 1887, Depretis retained his post as president of the council (premier), except during the period March 23, 1878, to May 29, 1881, when his lieutenant Cairoli held that position. During this same period, it must be repeated, no regular political parties existed in Italy. There were, therefore, no political parties in the parliament to control the two men (and their associates) who, for ten years, held the chief position of effective power in the Italian State. Whether they used their power wisely and justly, is entirely apart from our point. The fact is, they were a group not subject to parliamentary control and not amenable to the vicissitudes of elections, and they retained possession of the actual governing power in Italy for a decade.

After August, 1887, it was Crispi who took command of the group. For the following nine years his leadership was unchallenged, and the group's position of complete dominance over the party-less parliament was maintained. From 1896 to 1922 Giolitti ruled the faction under the same conditions.

This analysis is confirmed by a special report prepared for the Department of State in September, 1918, by Gino C. Speranza, Special Assistant to the American Embassy at Rome. Political parties, says the report, do not appreciably shape public opinion in Italy. Nor does Parliament—he is speaking of the 1918 parliament—influence or reflect that public opinion. The Italian Chamber is dominated by Giolitti, who may be said to have "made" it. Most of the historic and some of the economic, political, spiritual, and intellectual causes still persist which made the unification of Italy the labor of relatively few men. "The real 'forces of the country'," concludes Speranza, ". . . are not strictly political or popular forces in the American or English sense, but are, rather, the power or influence of relatively few men, or groups, or classes of men, working on an unprepared and untrained mass of people."[1]

Other testimonies of American observers in Italy after the first world war strongly suggest the truth of the theory proposed in this article. In the summer of 1919 the American consul at Turin feels that the attacks on the Nitti ministry are "all a part of a deep scheme of the Giolittian party to 'create' several ministries and immediately to tear them down until the Nation is weary and bewildered and glad to accept anything, so that at the psychological moment Giolitti will take over the reins of government."[2] Ray Stannard Baker, unofficial American observer in Italy in 1918, declares that Italy is, of all the European states, "the one most slave of a central bureaucracy." Because of the special circumstances of its historical development, he continues, the State of Italy has "developed its centralizing government into a monstrous power—to the point of creating a state entirely separated from the nation . . . without any moral link with the country; it is this state which governs all from Rome and which is an uncontrolled power."[3]

These judgments were echoed by contemporary Italians themselves, and, be it noted, by "liberal" Italians. Vilfredo Pareto, writing in the *Political Science Quarterly* in 1893, remarked that ministerial crises in Italy rarely led to an entire change of the cabinet, and were generally mere matters of "reorganization." He declared further: "The political condition of Italy . . . is in some degree analogous to its social condition in the time of the *Compagnie di Ventura*. Then the cleverest or most fortunate leader drew round him the strongest bands; now the politician from whom the greatest advantages can be expected attracts the greatest number of deputies. . . . Matters have been at their worst, in this regard, since the Ministry of Depretis. . ."

Giuseppe Borgese, although he thinks Giolitti "was at heart a liberal," feels that "he did not think very highly of the Italian people"; wherefore Giolitti "felt entitled to use some tricks with liberty and to manage, according to his needs, the Southern electorate and the Parliamentary majorities."[4]

These facts, it is submitted, go far towards explaining the rise to power of Mussolini. In 1922-1924 there was no creation of a new faction, but merely a change in the leadership of a dominant faction which had existed since 1861. The leadership of that faction had always gone to the strongest political figure. In 1922 that figure was Mussolini. He stepped into the shoes of Giolitti and took over the system which Giolitti himself had inherited from Crispi, who, in turn, had received the torch from Depretis. If, within a dozen years, Mussolini made the faction something it had never quite been before—the core and spearhead of an actual and organized (and deliberately publicized) dictatorship—he was merely drawing out the totalitarian possibilities which had always been inherent to the system.

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[1] Archives of the Department of State, Washington, D. C., No. 865.00/71.

[2] Archives of the Department of State, Washington, D. C., No. 865.00/200.

[3] R. S. Baker to Colonel House, from Paris, Dec. 12, 1918. Arch. Dept. of State, No. 865.00/215.

[4] Gius. Borgese, *Goliath: The March of Fascism*, N. Y., 1937. p. 99.

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The lesson for the present would seem to be plain. A revival of fascism is not the real danger, or, at least, it is not the immediate danger. The real and immediate danger is that we shall permit free play to those causes which brought about fascism.

The crucial question today is: does the present political pattern of Italy bear an alarming resemblance to that of 1870-1922?

It seems impossible to accept the thesis that Mussolini's fascism did not differ radically from all that had gone before. As Father Durkin points out Italian political parties were weak and their connection with the electorate artificial; it is certain that the parliament was impotent and was maneuvered by the "strong men," and that cabinets fell after a week or two, and the "strong men" did not care because they *did not fall until they were so old that they could not stand on their feet. Yet cabinets fell also in France, and in America the city bosses, during that same period, elected the mayors of the cities, and in France and in America there were the same "strong men" who interfered a great deal with the proper functioning of democratic parliamentary government. But France did not become fascist and an enormous number of Americans—so enormous that you can just say the American people—kept America from becoming fascist even when things were very unhappy during the depression; and since Steffens's time we even cleaned up a lot of our municipal governments. No one anywhere went fascist so long as it was a question of doing what you could with inefficient parliamentary systems or with citizens who took a long time finding out that it was more profitable not to sell their votes. Nothing went fundamentally wrong anywhere so long as it was only a question of corruption and reform, bossism and the people's efforts—slow, long, persistent efforts—to turn out the rascals. Nothing went entirely wrong —deliberately and systematically wrong—so long as there were still elections, even if they were dirty elections, and politics, even if they were dirty politics.*

Because there was always the hope that things would be better some day; the certainty that they could be made better some day if enough of the citizenry wanted to make them better. There were always the reform parties everywhere, and abroad there were socialists and monarchists and about fifty other parties, even if in America there were only the Republicans and the Democrats, and anybody who belonged to any party anywhere could put his hope in some sort of idea. He also could be free to work for that idea and for whatever ideal he had for his party and for his country. In Italy there were plenty such people; there were even plenty of them in parliament; there were people working even in Calabria, where it was very hard to get anyone to think about anything outside his village; there were plenty of people who retained the faith of the Risorgimento; *there were devoted people all over Italy with new ideas (with the old Italian ideas of liberty). And no matter how badly the system was working, no matter how much control Giolitti or Crispi or Depretis or anyone else had over the parliamentary machine, or over the electoral machine, these people were still free to work for their country and to work in their country's politics.*

They were free until fascism came and then they were not free. They were free until a private army of thugs was enrolled on a national scale to break every effort they made to be free. They were free until all the rules were broken; until all the rules of the Italian nation were broken; until all the ideology of the Risorgimento *was betrayed.*

That was Mussolini's work and it was the lunatic d'Annunzio who prepared the way for him and it was not Giolitti.

It has been said that we start dying the minute we are born but people do not commence killing us before we can even stand up and look at the sun and the stars. And it is possible that we are born Republican or Democrat or something else, but our political parties do not take the children and parade them through the streets with wooden guns and later with guns that go bang and later with machine guns; the parties do not make the children swear that they will always obey. And in Italy that is not the way it was either. Not before fascism.

So that it is impossible for us to agree that fascism was just what had been in Italy before—only more so. It does not seem to us sufficient to say, "If, within a dozen years, Mussolini made the faction something it had never quite been before—the core and spearhead of an actual and organized (and deliberately publicized) dictatorship—he was merely drawing out the totalitarian possibilities which had always been inherent in the system." Because there are "possibilities" and even probabilities and even the certainty of death inherent in all living things, but if you kill these things the minute you see them, the minute you see them move, you are doing more than hastening the inevitable approach of death, you are abolishing life. Otherwise there would be no sense in the verb to murder.

Fascism gave life no chance to pursue even the uncertainties of living. In our times that had never happened before. So that it is entirely impossible for us to admit that the advent of fascism is a question of degree, of politics working a little more badly and with a little less, or even with a great deal less, freedom; fascism murdered a nation. THE EDITORS.

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Where Do the People Live

W. D. JACOBS

THOUGH I am now no longer in the Army, a memory from one day during my last weeks in the Air Corps keeps returning to my mind. It gave me pause then; it gives me pause still. The day the war in Europe was over, the Eighth Air Force, based in England, decided to send as many of its ground personnel as possible on what was called an "air tour" of Europe. Mechanics, bakers, operations clerks, drivers, men with non-flying duties of all sorts, it was felt, deserved to see in Germany what effect heavy bombardment had accomplished. They too had done their allotted part. From the fortress base at which I was stationed the heavy bombers thundered out for several days loaded with ground personnel to observe in one day's low flying the result of two and more years' destruction.

I had been over the Continent before in the days when fighters and flak were bloody threats. Now I was curious to see how such a trip felt free from the anxiety of death. So one day I had my name put on a loading list, and early in the English spring morning our fort was on its way east out of Britain. We were headed for the Rhine, the Ruhr and Schweinfurt. To Eighth Air Force flying men Schweinfurt, where on a day in 1943 we took a terrific beating and inflicted heavy damage in return, is a name laden with significance and awe. I wanted to see it, this time sitting easy in the bomber's nose, and see it too from near ground level. I hoped the ball-bearing plant which had cost us so much was dust, and I wanted to see the dust.

We flew low over Belgium, but I knew Belgium well from the air; so I watched my fellow passengers instead, wondering how their first flight over formerly dangerous soil would affect them. I was riding in the bombardier's seat, my feet on the glass nose, under which is open space. Below, Belgium flowed away, its towns spread with the national flag of black, yellow and orange, celebrating the country's deliverance. In the cathedral square at Bruges a long solemn procession of priests moved; their black cassocks and the gray stones of the city looked warm in the sun. To my right in the nose sat Mac, a sergeant from Supply. He was a Californian and here and there he saw countryside that reminded him of his home state. Pressed against the bombardier's panel on my left was Tip, an operations clerk, in the air for the first time. He looked a little pale, especially when we brushed the trees, but when I smiled at him he nodded back gamely. Behind me, squatting on the navigator's table, sat a sergeant I did not know, a solid sturdy boy with hard lips. He was watching the landscape indifferently and his eyes were cold. Busy with maps and pilotage I turned back from him.

Now we were approaching Germany. We were flying very low, cows scattering as the large shadow of our B-17 hurtled toward them, men and women plainly visible as they looked up at us, shading their eyes from the sun. I waved and some of them waved back. In a field one old man straightened up and saluted. "Look! he saluted us!" Mac cried, and Tip too was pleased. I glanced at the hard-eyed sergeant behind me, but he was expressionless. We were down so far that when I pointed to the city on the horizon I seemed to be pointing slightly upward. "That's Aachen," I said. "Germany."

Mac and Tip pressed forward; it was their first glimpse of German soil and they wanted to miss nothing. Perhaps they thought the land would look unlike the soil they knew. At the speed we were going however we were swooping over Aachen almost before we could examine that soil. Aachen lay below us. "My God," Mac said. "My God." I knew what he meant. Those who have seen cities which have undergone three years of aerial bombardment, and which then have experienced days of artillery battle, will understand too. The public has seen many pictures of such destruction since then; the shock is past. We who had cast the destruction upon the cities had never seen it plainly until now. Aachen lay bleaching in the sun like bones on a desert. Our plane glided over its many blocks and we looked straight down into its topless buildings. Only skeletal walls were standing, enclosing ruin. They were gaunt frames surrounding mouldy nothingness. It looked what it was, a city of the dead, and somehow I felt a sense of sacrilege in gazing upon it. Inter it: knock over those walls guarding nakedness and bury the whole place. Even the sergeant behind me was stirred. "Look at those houses," he said softly. And as we continued past the blank, open frames he asked, almost to himself, "Where do the people live?" None of us knew the answer.

It became almost a litany as we flew over the many cities of the Rhineland: Mannheim, Dusseldorf, Koblenz, Cologne, Bonn, Duren, Remagen, Frankfurt, dozens more in this once industrialized area. Now its giant factories lay sprawling and torn. Mannheim existed no more, and though we were very low I could distinguish for blocks no sign of streets or homes. It was pulverized; it was tossed dirt. "Where do the people live?" the sergeant asked, helplessly.

We turned deeper into Germany. We were on our way to Schweinfurt, skimming the pleasant hills, dipping down into the valleys, humming along the streams. Here and there people worked

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in the fields. They had no machines. The plows were drawn by oxen and by horses. As we went along just above the trees I felt odd. It was not right; I could not escape a sense of uneasiness, of fear. The first flak gun we passed would pot us. They couldn't miss. The very first . . . and then I would remember, hell, the war's over and nobody's going to shoot at us. But I would forget and that uneasiness would again come over me and sicken me, until again I remembered. I knew we were approaching Schweinfurt now. You can tell by the trail of crashed and crushed forts that lie mute and flattened on the way to that city. We gazed down silently at them. Nobody spoke of their crews. The planes looked pathetic. They were still as graceful and slender as a girl, but they lay there helpless and done. Their silver frame was darkened and the front gaped. They looked badly hurt. You could see that Schweinfurt had been a battlefield of the air, and as you get closer to Schweinfurt you see further evidence of it. It is particularly wicked evidence. The men who fly bear no special animus against the men in fighter planes who try to shoot them down. They do hate the flak guns and the flak gunners; they track you and they seek to blow you into pieces.

In the air you twist and you turn and strive to evade, while you see your friends hit, flaring like a torch, and falling apart in bright shreds. Over Schweinfurt in the first mission made there planes went down by dozens. Just outside Schweinfurt the flak sites stand, geometric row after geometric row. Each site is a little square complete with large-caliber gun. We went over one such site, then another, then others. They were trim, they were efficient, and as I looked at the perfection of their position and neatness of design I could think of nothing to say. Mac asked, "What are those?" and when I told him "Flak sites" I felt no better.

The tall chimneys marked F & S, for Fichtel and Sachs, the ball-bearing factory, were still standing amid the shambles of the buildings. We flew beside them, and I looked at the factory now so quiet, so deserted, so unimportant, and I felt dull and listless. When we turned away I got out my maps, eager to plot the way home.

We followed the Rhine again for a while. Victory-mad B-17's buzzed low everywhere, wellnigh suicidal with elation. This part of the war was over and they were still alive. I knew that our bombing had spared the lives of many of our own men; in France many an infantry man had spontaneously come to me, as an air man, to tell me so. But I kept remembering the planes. The dead planes I had seen marking the way to Schweinfurt lay like lead upon my thoughts.

The English Channel is tiresome flying and I was glad when we touched down at our base. As I folded my maps I asked the sergeant of the tight lips and hard eyes how he had liked the trip. Something had happened to his face. It had a hurt look, like a baby's, and all the features had softened and melted. "Did you see all those cities?" he said. "Did you see them? Where do the people live?"

As Hateful Ares Bids

W. H. AUDEN

I MUST apologize to the editors of this anthology* for using it as a clothes peg. At least, it is their virtues which make this possible. Their initial idea was so excellent that one cannot help wishing they had been able to carry it out: I say "able" because to carry it out properly would have taken them several years of concentrated work in peace-time, and it is extraordinary and gratifying enough that two men serving in the armed forces during a war should have had the will power to overcome the physical and psychological difficulties of military life and produced an anthology at all, let alone as interesting and provocative a one as they have.

There are people who object to all anthologies on principle. I believe that they are mistaken and that, on the contrary, what is wrong with most anthologies is that their compilers have not taken their occupation seriously enough, or thought precisely enough about its basic principles. There are three possible principles of selection. The first and most obvious is esthetic value plus esthetic character (esthetic value alone is, practically, impossible thanks to the curse of Babel). The factors that determine esthetic character are language, literary genre and date of composition. None of them prevent the criterion of selection from being that of esthetic value, but the greater the part they play, the more the standard of value must be lowered, for it is clear that, for instance, the hundred best lyrics in English from the nineteenth century cannot be as good as the hundred best poems in all languages from all ages.

The second possible principle of selection is caprice or chance, which is itself an esthetic category. Here the power of selection is transferred from the personal esthetic judgment of the anthologist to the principle itself, e.g., I can make an anthology of poems written by beekeepers, or of poems beginning with the letter Q. The point here is that the arbitrary limitation I chose shall be such that my anthology can be exhaustive and include *all* the poems written by beekeepers, etc., thus eliminating my personal judgment altogether.

* War and the Poet. A comprehensive anthology of the world's great war poetry. 1800 B.C.-1945 A.D. Richard Eberhart and Selden Rodman. Devin Adair. $3.00.

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The third principle is subject matter. If this is not to be capricious also, it must be a real category of experience for the average human being; e.g., bee-keeping is a real category only for bee-keepers; Love, War, Death are categories for all men. If subject matter is the decisive factor, so that the pieces are chosen in order to illuminate it, then esthetic value must play a smaller rôle than in the first type of anthology (though a greater than in the second) and esthetic character none at all, i.e., prose and verse, logical argument and lyric emotion should all be included, for each throws its unique and indispensable light on the subject under consideration.

The trouble with "War and the Poet" is that its editors have tried to satisfy too many and contradictory demands at once. For example, as an anthology of the first type, it wavers between a wish to cover all history and a wish to show what contemporary poets are doing, so that out of a total of 209 pages, the first three thousand seven hundred years of literature get 105, and the last forty-five years 104. It is inevitable that under such a disparate allocation, the literary standard of the second half should be lower than that of the first; on the other hand, with only half the space at their disposal, the modern poets are crowded for space, and a number of them, Graves and Blunden and Winters, for example, are omitted, not because their war poems are any worse or less significant than those of their colleagues, but because someone had to go.

I do not believe it is the reviewer's business to describe to the reader the contents of a book when, as in this case, he hopes they will buy it, but I will follow convention and do what I can. The first, and I think the best, section consists of translations from Greek, Latin, Chinese, Hebrew and Hindu literature, and great care has been taken to find as good translators as possible. Then a number of excellent translations by Richard Lattimore which are here printed for the first time. The second section runs from Anglo-Saxon times down to Kipling and Alexander Blok; the third section concerns World War I, and the fourth, World War II, which includes, of course, the Spanish Civil War. In this last it is nice to find British poets like Roy Fuller and Demetrios Capetanakis represented as they are hardly known in this country. Naturally, in what is really quite a small anthology, there are poems one misses—e.g., that wonderful baroque battle poem of Dryden's, "Annus Mirabilis"—but the selections are made with care and taste. I will only utter a wish that, since popular songs like "Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye" have been included, printable versions of later soldier songs from World War I could have been squeezed in too, to show that this tradition did not come to an end in the eighteenth century.

As an anthology of the third type, it does not make up its mind whether its subject is war in the usual sense, war in a wider, more metaphysical sense, or the attitude toward war of poets as distinct from other classes of people. If it were to be the first, then Blake's "Jerusalem" and the Emily Dickinson poems have no business to be in; if it were to be the second, then there should be a great many more poems about *"le combat spirituel"* which is *"aussi brutal que la bataille d'hommes,"* extracts from "The Faerie Queene" and "Paradise Lost," to take only two of the most obvious examples from English poetry; if it were to be the third, then it should not be an anthology of poems at all but of biographies and autobiographies. (Talking of biographies, this reviewer has a personal peeve about the short note on himself at the end of this volume. It contains two errors of fact, and he is loath to believe he is quite such a ninny as it makes him appear.)

Actually is there any sense in which the poet has a special attitude towards war, so that war poems are partial and disregard emotions felt by the majority of mankind who are not poets? In theory, no. In theory a poet only differs from others in having a certain kind of gift for language, and a personal interest in poets apart from their work is unseemly.

In the recent case of Ezra Pound, it is distressing, I think, to find how many people fall into one of two errors: one party, admiring, and quite rightly, his work, seem to think his political conduct should be excused; the other party, abhorring, and, if he is guilty quite rightly, his political conduct, seem to think his work should be barred, a wicked folly which is poisoning the whole cultural life of Europe at this time. The editors and publisher of "War and the Poet" are to be congratulated on having the decency and good sense to resist such nonsense and include examples of Pound's work.

In practice, however, the nature of mechanized warfare does mean that the poet, who is not a mechanic, is likely to miss certain experiences of modern war. If he serves, say, in the army, the chances are that it will be as a comparatively unimportant unit in the infantry, like Wilfred Owen, and highly unlikely that it will be as a general. The real novel experience of this war was aerial combat and, so far as I know, no really gifted poet had direct experience of this, even if, as in the case of Randall Jarrell, second hand was very close hand. This would suggest that an anthology intended to show the full nature of modern war must include other kinds of writing. Even so, I think the editors might have been more catholic in their choice of poets than they have: to represent Kipling by a single poem, and not a real war poem at that, and to omit Rupert Brooke

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altogether, is to invite the criticism that they are less concerned with showing the attitudes of poets towards war, than with showing what attitudes they approve of. I think the criticism would be unjust, but the intention of giving an all-round view which their title and preface profess makes them vulnerable.

Personally, I wish they had taken really seriously one of their ideas, to give a picture in all its aspects of the kind of thinking and behavior of which war in its narrow sense is the ultimate expression. The kind of anthology I have in mind, and which I hope they or others will some day compile, would resemble De la Mare's fascinating compendia on Childhood, Dreams, Love, and Desert Islands. It would include every kind of literary material woven into a whole by a connective tissue of critical comment. Its basis would be the following definition: whenever man attempts to solve any kind of problem dialectically he is in a state of peace; whenever he attempts to solve it eristically he is in a state of war. A dialectical relation between two opponents means that each emphasizes one aspect of a truth or belief which both hold in common and that the aim of both is to arrive at an agreement. An eristic relation means that each is aiming not at the conversion but at the annihilation of the other. In politics, for example (to use an illustration of the late R. G. Collingwood), a conservative party whose principle is "No one should be admitted to the ruling class who is not qualified" is dialectically related to a liberal party whose principle is "No one who is qualified should be excluded from the ruling class," because their principles are not contradictory but are both complementary to a third principle: "The ruling class should be as good as possible." The relation, on the other hand, between a party which believes that only red-haired men should govern, and one which believes that only blondes should govern, would be eristic because these beliefs are contradictory. In psychology, repression is eristic, sublimation dialectical; in theology, the orthodox relation of faith to works is dialectical but becomes eristic if the emphasis on either is pushed to the point where it excludes the other as in the rival heresies of Jansenism and Pelagianism; in biology the same is true for the relation of Heredity to Environment, and so on.

On such a basis it seems to me one could compile an anthology which might really illuminate the history of civilization, its crises, and breakdowns. The invention of the atomic bomb has increased men's fears of war, but the evidence of history does not support the hope that the greater their fear, the less likely war is to occur. On the contrary, is not fear and defiance, i.e., fear of being afraid, that very "hateful Ares" who seduces Aphrodite and destroys the children of men?

The Screen

"It All Depends on You"

YOUR TASTE in musical films is as good as the next man's so don't let anyone tell you that this or that song-and-dance item is a must. A whole raft of new musicals are turning up. Their locales range from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and their periods from the '90s to the day before yesterday. The best I can do in reviewing is to write a few notes about each, notes that may help you make up your mind. In any case none of these movies are world-beaters that should cause you to leave your comfortable chimney corner for snowy blasts on the way to your favorite theater.

"The Stork Club" is a Cinderella piece about Judy, a hatcheck girl at the famous nightclub which in the film is labeled "the mecca for celebrities from all over the world" and which looks just like the real place on Fifty-third Street in New York. Judy is blessed with two fairy godfathers: one played by Bill Goodwin, impersonating Sherman Billingsley, owner of the Stork and tagged the most generous man in the world (he gives away so many things including advice to Judy that you wonder what keeps his business going), and the other played by Barry Fitzgerald, as an eccentric millionaire who anonymously rewards Judy by giving her a penthouse apartment and seemingly unlimited accounts at a bank and a swank store. Judy, played or rather bounced by Betty Hutton with her infectious enthusiasm, takes this windfall like a girl whose wants are small (evidenced by the size of her bathing suit) and buys practically everything in sight including two fur coats on a hot summer day. This simple and rather funny plot gets complicated in an effort to be risqué when Judy's Marine (Don DeFore) returns and is suspicious of the whole set-up as Judy lies her way out of a situation that could be explained honestly in a few short sentences. Director Hal Walker has paced his picture so that it moves right along. The songs include vigorous numbers like "I'm Just a Square in the Social Circle" put over by Miss Hutton, some ballads sung by Andy Russell and a delightful sequence in which Barry Fitzgerald shows the orchestra how not to swing "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree." In fact Betty and Barry make quite an amusing combination throughout the film.

"Sun Bonnet Sue," taking place in New York's Bowery at the turn of the century, is of course full of good old songs like "School Days" and "The Sidewalks of New York." They're sung with spirit by Phil Regan, Gale Storm and various barber-shop quartets in a décor that suggests that the Bowery must have been a pretty comfy place, especially during winter when clean white snow fell on the streets while gas lights flickered in neighborhood bars. The plot, about Sue and her social-climbing aunt who objects to the girl's singing in her father's saloon, doesn't interfere with the singing too much. The whole piece, quite likeable and unpretentious except for the snobbish uptown Murray Hill scenes, has a nice nostalgic atmosphere with realistic touches aided considerably

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through characterizations by George Cleveland as Sue's hard-working father, Minna Gombell as the Governor's wife who states that all New York had its roots in the Bowery and Charles Brown as the understanding priest from Mott Street.

"Doll Face" is the movie version of Gypsy Rose Lee's "The Naked Genius," and, although many of the original's rougher moments have been toned down, there is still more flesh on display than the flickers have exhibited in a long time. It's all about a burleycue queen (Vivian Blaine) who aspires to higher arts; so her manager (Dennis O'Keefe), who is also her boyfriend, gets the bright idea to have a celebrated author ghost-write her autobiography. The book, called "Genius de Milo," is a hit, and when it is made into a musical comedy, the strip-teaser gets the lead rôle; then somehow through a series of circumstances her affections turn from her manager to the author and then back again. None of this is particularly entertaining; in fact my interest was kept alive only by the presence of Carmen Miranda in the cast as I knew that sooner or later she would do a number. She finally does: "Chico-Chico" complete with her wonderful hands that are expressive to the very nail tips. There are other songs and dances of course, none that will particularly send you—except "Dig You Later" with which Perry Como and Martha Stewart sizzle the celluloid.

"The Harvey Girls," dedicated to those winsome waitresses who conquered the West with a beefsteak and a cup of coffee, is short on plot but long on entertainment. Fortunately Director George Sidney realized that the story, about a romance between one of the Harvey girls (Judy Garland) and the manager (John Hodiak) of one of the honky-tonk places, was pretty thin, so he let the musical numbers take over. And they take over with a bang. Practically everyone in the cast sings that Atchison hit song in a production number that's a honey. And there are plenty of other good songs and lively people to put them over. My favorites are: Judy and Virginia O'Brien and a lovely newcomer named Cyd Charisse lamenting sweetly and sadly because "It's a Great Big World"; Ray Bolger's tap dancing; Miss O'Brien teaching Ray how to shoe a horse while singing about the wild West; and a wonderful waltz number in which even the camera seems to join the dancers. The technicolor throughout all these handsome scenes is first-rate. Anyone who doesn't expect too much from a plot will find this a thoroughly pleasant musical. As a Western, it has at least one novelty: a barroom brawl that's different—Judy Garland leading the Harvey Girls against the saloon chippies led by Angela Lansbury. Believe me, it is not ladylike.

"Tars and Spars" has a lot of attractive young people who really don't get a good chance to show what they can do. Alfred Drake, as a sailor who admits he's from Oklahoma (with and without quotes), and Janet Blair, as a Spar, talk and talk and quarrel and talk. They sing once in a while, but not often enough. And Marc Platt, who is an expert dancer, does only a few numbers; he does them extremely well and then disappears for long stretches while the foolish plot snails along. And a newcomer, Sid Caesar, contributes some side-splitting comedy in the manner of Danny Kaye. His mock-opera song called "I Love Eggs" and his imitation of a typical Hollywood airplane movie are the bright spots of this film. Someone should explain to Director Alfred E. Green and the editors of this picture that a musical movie must move fast and have punch. This one fails not in its material, but in its putting together. However the specialty numbers are worth sitting through the chaff.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Opera Season

Looking Backward

HOW MANY changes in musical taste one makes in a lifetime I cannot possibly say. I know that mine have been many and that I shall have more. Certainly it has been many years since I thought "Scheherazade" the greatest work ever composed and even many years since I thought it the worst; but there are works that have retained a fixed place somewhere in the center of my grades during all the changes around them. "La Bohème" is one of these.

Even in those hushed undergraduate days when I was discovering "The Last Quartets" and disqualifying Rimsky-Korsakov, Puccini's opera had as firm a place as ever; and indeed, glancing back, I am surprised that I can recall so clear what I *did* think of it. So much else of greater importance is hazy.

That a discussion of "Bohème" should have a personal and reminiscent note is only proper, for the point of the opera's durability is that it is a clear picture of hazy reminiscences. Look at the collection of people that have been assembled as characters by Puccini. A group of mediocre artists and morally suspect women who meet and part vaguely, create nothing, love without intensity. But I cannot judge them because I cannot know them. And they escape me because the note of self-indulgence is so constant in them that their own personalities have become blurred at the edges and they have lost all talent for introspection. They have no surface to look inward from, it is all sunk in itself. It is as though they gathered in their attics and cafés to rub invocations of themselves through each other. In the last act when the dying Mimi says "Good day, Marcello, Shaunnard, Colline, good day," it is as though she were uttering magical words.

In this last act they come closest to being known, and here one has practically nothing but backward glances, nothing but ghosts. Violetta in the last act of "La Traviata" fights to live; she talks of the things she is going to do; but Mimi, also dying of consumption, can only resign herself to it, can only look to the past. Her charming death becomes the symbol for the whole opera; death by drowning in her own blood, gently withdrawing from the world's air by retreating to her childhood and then beyond. "You are beautiful as the dawn," Rudolfo sings to her. "You mean as the dusk," she answers. But here it is one and the same thing since time is in reverse.

"Bohème" is so respectful of memory that my memory cannot help returning the compliment. The tears I always have in this final scene are, in a sense, tributes.

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Asides on Liberty and Law

"LONG live liberty," shouts Don Giovanni, crushing two peasant girls to him. "Above all, that intoxicating thing—liberty," sings Carmen, tempting Don José to desert the guards and become a smuggler. That Giovanni, trapped in his desire to prove his absolute freedom, and Carmen, who will not struggle with her destiny, should take liberty as a slogan is ironical and inevitable.

The man who is arrested for beating his wife and says in court "This is a free country, isn't it?" is another of the same, and introduces Law to the problem. For it is to demonstrate his independence of God's law that Giovanni becomes a libertine. And when man's law finally arrives at his door to punish him, it arrives too late. "For law—your will" is another point in Carmen's argument. She is in this more conscious than Giovanni, and being more conscious she is also less at the mercy of the proud and dark powers that drive him to his doom. Also it is still possible for another person to kill her. She resigns her will to the laws of what she considers the dark powers; he pits his will, the only law he recognizes, against all eternity.

Then, too, there is Giovanni's terrible fear of boredom. "I wish to divert myself" is his constant cry. "From myself," he might add, except that he is too busy adding names to his list. That he is, in fact, perpetually bored by his activity, but the two-dimensional idiocy that is anything but various or complete, is plain enough. "Carmen's loves don't last six months": she *gets* bored; quite another thing.

While waiting in line to hear "Carmen" one evening, overheard the following conversation between two iddle-aged women. "What do you think of your new -in-law?" asked one. The reply: "Oh, he's all right first marriage."

has become law. Giovanni next?

CHESTER KALLMAN.

Prescription for Democracy

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

NOW that the Japanese Emperor has renounced his divinity and a score of Nazi leaders are at the Nuremberg dock, it is easy to dismiss the Axis dynamic for once and all. It is natural enough to feel that democracy was victorious in the ordeal of battle because of a certain superior political awareness. The evidence does not bear this out. Even throwing British resistance during the air-blitz and the Russian desperation of which Stalingrad is the symbol into the balance, it is not plain that the Allies won through superior fighting spirit. Greater manpower and, preëminently, greater matériel were actually what won the war. There is considerable evidence that before their cause looked hopeless, the Germans and the Japanese soldiers went into battle with far greater positive conviction than their Anglo-American adversaries. All this by way of calling attention to the more intense social consciousness which totalitarian governments of the Right and of the Left have been able to engender.

Americans still conceive of their democracy in negative terms, generally speaking. We don't want anyone to push us around. No one can tell us what we shall believe, proscribe what we shall think or say, or prevent a group of citizens from joining together for any common purpose. The only restrictions we recognize are libel laws and certain canons of morality. But as industrialization and urbanization proceed, the American dream of a universally prosperous and beneficent commonwealth becomes ever fainter. We lack a tangible common purpose; and the groups which we form for specific objectives act for private or class interests.

Meanwhile, for all but the very few, civic activity has shrunk to a veriest minimum. For most of us it comprises the grudging payment of taxes and the taking of a few minutes to vote every two or every four years. The war, of course, united us in the common purpose of national self-defense. But we have already slipped back into prewar asocial attitudes. There is plenty of criticism of the President for not putting through more remedies for obvious needs of the nation; many of us are disgusted with Congress, or with the failure of business and labor leaders to unite on any nationally serviceable policy. Or we rail at the State Department. What is really astounding in all this is that in view of our general political lethargy public matters do not get much worse. We expect the other fellow to do it all.

Has anyone developed a procedure which will snap us out of it? Something which in this troubled postwar, atomic period will restore to American democracy the vitality and dynamism which at least some of its historians believe our country once manifested to a marked degree? Saul Alinsky, Chicago sociologist, believes that he has.* He can point to a wealth of substantiating evidence in a number of midwestern cities.

Mr. Alinsky appears to have arrived at his formula in true American style—pragmatically. He expresses little use for the past or, in any real sense, for its great traditions. Yet the humane social ideal which inspires him derives directly from a tradition which has come down through the centuries. What has grown up from the neighborhood council which he founded seven years ago in the stockyards areas in Chicago he calls the People's Organization. Again and again he has demonstrated that it works. That it has been put to the acid test is indicated by the fact that Mr. Alinsky arrived at his conclusions through exhaustive work on crime and juvenile delinquency. In combatting these ultimate social evils he can show results.

His is a bright and restless intellect. He has a flair for slogans that strike fire. To conclude his impassioned, at times uneven, diagnosis of American urban society Mr. Alinsky declares that in the atomic age "man must have spiritual values if he is to survive physically." His faith in full-bodied democracy finds this expression: "The answer to all of the issues facing us will be found in the

*Reveille for Radicals. Saul Alinsky. Chicago. $2.50.

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masses of the people themselves and *nowhere else.*" Where in so many instances the life of the American factory worker is reduced to sheer physical existence, Saul Alinsky projects this vision: "If the common man had a chance to feel that he could direct his own efforts, help shape the future as well as the present . . . then life would be wonderful living." A number of People's Organizations are demonstrating today that this is no empty dream. His faith in the common man is strikingly reminiscent of what underlies the cooperative structure of the men of Antigonish.

But before leaving the pyrotechnics which comprise the introduction and first half of "Reveille for Radicals" it is amusing to note the violent distinction which the author draws between the American Liberal and the American Radical (as he uses that latter term throughout his book). It may make a few faces red. His Liberal is aloof, impartial, more head than heart, academic, over-critical of means, fearful of actually giving power to the people. The Alinsky Radical, in contrast, is the generous man of action, who rebels rather than merely protests against human injustice and plunges in. He is so conscious of his fellow-men that he never asks himself for whom the bell tolls. In all this Mr. Alinsky senses the reality of the Mystical Body, and the bonds of love that should animate all its members of every race and clime.

On the other hand Mr. Alinsky manifests no fear of the omnicompetent State, providing it is Socialist or Communist—which he equates with a people's government. In his impatience with present American labor union leadership he even goes so far as to ask why unions would be necessary in a Socialist or Communist State. Evidently he has not thought things through far enough to realize that there is no real democracy so long as there is no right to strike—or that both Leftists and Rightists indulge in tyranny of State. These are comparatively minor flaws in a masterly conception of what it takes to have a real democracy.

It is one of the toughest jobs imaginable to describe in readable fashion the way an organization works. Mr. Alinsky does not attempt it directly. He gives a series of hints in which detailed conversations on the part of supposed organizers play an important part. It is typical of his pragmatic approach that Dale Carnegie methods are advocated as the best means of handling personal animosities or diffidence. To say that on some occasions the leaders in question stretched the truth is to put it rather mildly. Rigorists could undoubtedly operate in a similar direction with a lot less soft soap. (I fear I must remember here that an Alinsky Liberal is one who criticizes means.)

His principal aim is to awaken the whole people to a common moral purpose. To persuade them to undertake on their own account a series of successive social plans in a single constructive direction. That these plans grasp realities is indicated by one of the Chicago Neighborhood Council slogans: "Bread and Butter as well as Bats and Balls." Saul Alinsky insists that you cannot isolate such problems as juvenile delinquency; it is demonstrably part of an evil whole. The job is to battle *all* the forces that go into the making of a city slum. And the movement must have native leaders, who are drawn from natural partial leadership to develop into leaders for the whole community—business, labor, church, athletic and civic groups etc. And every citizen must come to feel that the facilities and activities of his People's Organization are his own. Also to realize that the movement must become nationwide if that organization is to tackle the powerful forces affecting his daily life which emanate from outside his neighborhood area.

The well-rounded community approach which the author advocates is the only practical way to deal with such vital problems as housing, public health, child welfare, juvenile delinquency and economic security. Observation of any of these People's Organizations in action provides, in the nature of things, even more compelling evidence than "Reveille for Radicals." The fact that outside of Chicago some quarter of a million Americans are engaged thus in revitalizing our democracy from its roots is reassuring, even if that is only scratching the surface of our urbanized American life. How long will it take us to wake up?

More Books of the Week

Artists on Art. Edited by Robert Goldwater and Marc Treves. Pantheon. $4.50.

THE SUBJECT of this book, the editors state in the introduction, is the artist **not** as writer, but as expressing himself on art. And they quote Constable: "I am anxious that the world should be inclined to look to painters for information on painting." This is probably the best-turned-out book of the year—a model of printing and production. It is also one of those essential books which meeting, the reader wonders, why on ea did no one think of compiling such a volume before? a how did painters get along before this book? It is wort all the tomes of art criticism ever written, for, as Oscar Wilde said, "in the best days of art there were no art critics." But every craftsman is an authority when he speaks or writes of his job, and the artist is by no means an exception. Indeed, it is mortifying for the writer to note the ease, skill, economy and wit with which the painter says exactly what we wants to express: it makes it seem that to write well were as easy as to draw a straight line.

There are some unforgettable things to be learned. From Cennini (circa 1372): "the exact proportions of a woman I will disregard, for she does not have any set proportion." From Leonardo: "I say and confirm that it is far better to draw in company than alone . . . you will be ashamed to be seen among the draftsmen if you are unskilful, and this shame will cause you to study well." And again, "the color of the object illuminated partakes of the color of that which illuminated it. . . ." From Dürer—on the bringing up of a child, who "should be kept eager to learn and not be made disgusted."

There is the dramatic account by Cellini of the casting of the Perseus and the delightful trial of Veronese before the Inquisition for having introduced a servant with a bleeding nose, a dog and a parrot into a sacred picture: at their command, he removed the man, but the beasts remain!

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There is Pacheco's surprise at the "strange opinion of El Greco" who, when asked which was the more difficult, drawing or coloring, answered "coloring." The nineteenth century produces some shocks, too: Rossetti despising Delacroix! James Barry (1741-1806) bursting into an anti-Semitic tirade: "It is well known there are but few sacred places in England where art has not long since been so far introduced as to make it impossible for us . . . to wallow in the filth and grossness of Jewish arguments and ideas."

Perhaps the most valuable section is the very comprehensive collection of impressionist, post-impressionist and twentieth century statements. Picasso declaring "there is no abstract art" and "to search means nothing in painting. To think is the thing," and Braque, Matisse, Rouault, Chirico, Mondrian, Chagall—all set alongside each other for the student to compare and contrast. Here is an invaluable quarry for painter, teacher and art-historian alike.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

The Death of Virgil. Hermann Broch. Pantheon. $5.50.

SELDOM have I hesitated such a long time to write the review of a book. Many a sleepless night I fought with my own dissension. While reading "The Death of Virgil" I was hypnotized by the story's deep metaphysical background, by the *grandezza* of a very musical rhythmic prose. I found some sublime artistic merits in the language, swelling up and down like waves of the sea, in the grandiloquence of the dialogues, especially those discussing right and might, time and the soul, death and immortality. Did evil exist? Had it been judged? Had it been cast out already? Rare and praiseworthy are the authors who dare to deal with problems of this kind in an age of materialism. And the subject of the book: the last days of a poet, regarded by the middle ages as a kind of forerunner of the Christian fathers—is it not a subject of the greatest caliber? Though this book is not a novel, but a cross between a novel and a philosophical discourse, it seemed to me much more praiseworthy than the trivial novels of our time.

These were my thoughts while reading. But then, alone, trying to remember what I had read, I made the shocking discovery that I had not been enriched by new inward life as when truly great books enrich one. I have not reread Balzac or Dostoevski or Dante for at least two decades, yet I live still today with the unforgettable situations of their books close before me, with their characters my intimate friends. The figures in "The Death of Virgil" remain shadows of an unreal world.

I think it more useful to communicate these simple experiences than to scribble some sophisticated humbug about the alleged genius of Mr. Broch so advertised by friends of this Austrian-born author of hitherto mediocre psychoanalytical novels. There are two or three dozens of his ardent admirers—including Miss Jean Starr Untermeyer who interrupted her own work for almost five years in order to do the literary handicraft of a nearly perfect translation, that makes "The Death of Virgil" almost a work of American literature. These followers of Broch will claim that this reviewer is much too pedestrian to live in the spiritual heights of their master's grand literature.

But I prefer to be stupid and honest than bluff with the bluffers. As an indefatigable reader of the true mystics I have to confess that I do not think Broch's writing is as mystical as he and his admirers believe. I suspect it is only rhetorical, very tense and artistic rhetoric indeed, but

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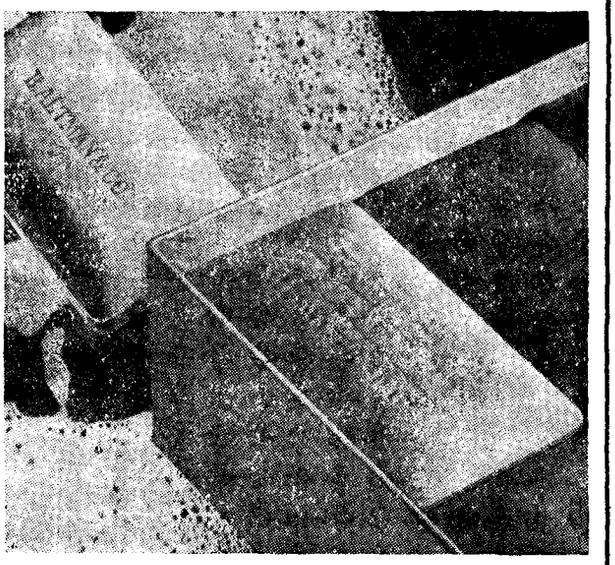

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ornate and artificial—and this may explain perhaps the phenomenon that torments me so greatly: the fact that I am fascinated while reading, yet everything fades luminously away like a dream or a moving picture and does not change me as does the reading of Meister Eckhart or of Saint Bernard, or of the great Indian mystics. Especially the last chapter of Broch's book, Virgil's homecoming, which is meant to give revelations of the supranatural, seems to me a pompous Wagnerian melodrama, the very opposite of inspired mysticism. MAX FISCHER.

Outside Eden. Isabel Scott Rorick. Houghton. $2.00.

MR and Mrs. Cugat, whose experiences you may have followed in various magazines or in the first volume about this happily married couple, go merrily on and on. And the surprising thing about this new book of their adventures is that it continues to be so amusing. I suspect that Mrs. Rorick, who writes with a bright humor, is herself happy in her marriage and bases on actual events many of the incidents that keep the Cugats' days lively. Her writing is decidedly feminine, at times downright cute, but never objectionably so; and frequently Mrs. Rorick wins a series of chuckles with her pert observations.

Liz, now 29, is still rather featherbrained, but manages to be very funny (to the reader) in her featherbrainedness, not ridiculous like a comic-strip character or pathetic like David Copperfield's Dora. Perhaps few men would have the patience that George, ten years her senior, has with her; but Mrs. Cugat is so attractive in her unpredictable femininity that hardly any man could resist her appeal. Most of the stories in this book are built around errors in Mrs. Cugat's judgment; while the faults are not always hers, the outcome, never really disastrous, keeps the reader in a jovial mood. The servant problem, entertaining a Hollywood celebrity, the new dog, Liz on an all-male shooting party, George building shelves for his wine—these are not world-shaking events, but it's a pleasure to read about a married couple who could be among your friends and whose lives seem never to have a dull moment in spite of the fact that a divorce court never once looms up in their combined paths. There is even a possibility that Mrs. Rorick will continue her diverting anecdotes about the Cugats, for in the last story, Liz, who does everything differently, presents George with twins. These youngsters should offer unlimited possibilities to the author—as long as she doesn't get sidetracked by the Bobbsey Twins, and I don't think she will.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Men Without Guns: The Story of Army Medicine. DeWitt Mackenzie. With 118 Color Illustrations by Howard Baehr, Robert Benney, Franklin Boggs, Marion Greenwood, Joseph Hirsch, Lawrence Beall Smith and Others. Blakiston. $5.00.

IT IS not enough to say of a picturebook that its wealth of color is admirably reproduced. One asks, what are its merits? and "merits" is a hard word. Is it a gift for Uncle Silas you wish? (Don't.) Was your boy in the Medical Corps or your lass an Army Nurse? (Do.) Or did you yourself drag wearily through the world-encircling bog that muddy modern painting is so unbeautifully apt to reproduce? Are you one of those who in shamelessly unshaven company has been camping out among the Isles of Spice lately and, coming home, fancy yourself still a young man? Or are you in the wooden machinegun age, your fingers a perpetual itch, your imagination tropical in sundry senses of the word?

Half the handsome book is text, half color-print. Following a foreword by Surgeon General Kirk, the text begins: "Surgeon General Norman T. Kirk is a straight-backed, wiry concentration of skill, initiative and unbounded energy, as befits his great position . . ." and ends, after covering the field work of the Army Medical Corps, with a chapter of the familiar appeal-for-charity type on rehabilitation.

Then the meat of the cocoanut; the pages of color and drawing. One of Hirsch's drawings is so good it is reproduced twice. There is but a single triumphant, cigarette-lit smile as of one who has, praise be, completed that mission with no worse than a gashed face.

The world is grim these days and no artist worthy of the name would permit you to forget it. The men here shown are tired as they drink beer or work or wait around. (One wired jaw and poker hand are wreathed with a faint smile.) We civilians today see the world befogged with private (how much?) wars while the rest of us are hidden under the bed. The weary folk herein depicted are, or ought to be, on it. From such a world of strain and weariness and grime no wonder they want to come home. No wonder the Gem of the Ocean turns Panacea in their dreams. EDWARD L. KEYES.

Trial Balance. William March. Harcourt. $3.50.

THIS IS a collection of 55 stories by William March covering 1928-1944 and selected by Mr. March himself. The title of one of the stories, "Not Very—Subtle" sums things up. Mr. March is much taken with human degradation and misery. His mind seems to be parked on the dark side of the street; to use his own method of approach I'd say he must have been repressed in childhood by a morbid maternal aunt. He splashes gloom and gore over most of the 506 pages, from Dirty Emma who kills her husband because he destroyed her hyacinth plant to the three old charwomen who live in alcoholic memories of their youth.

A wife's death in childbirth and its effect on the young husband, a soldier going delirious at the front from fear and exhaustion, a fanatical revivalist attempting to exorcise a devil from an idiot boy, the hypocrisy of Palfrey, Sunday school master, shot for carrying on a clandestine love affair . . . William marches on. He is ablaze against hypocrisy and deeply disturbed about the clash between the real and the ideal. Of such are saints made . . . and cynics. He handles his themes well. He is a clever and good writer, knows the tricks of his trade. But 506 pages of this kind of writing, where light is used only to heighten shadow, may prove too much for the average reader.

PAUL J. PHELAN.

The Question of Henry James. Edited by F. W. Dupee. Holt. $3.75.
The Short Stories of Henry James. Edited by Clifton Fadiman. Random. $3.00.

"I WOULD walk across London in bare feet in the snow to meet George Santayana," cried Henry James, "at one thirty, I will inexorably, inevitably make my appearance." Sedately Santayana records that he found James "subtle and bland, appreciative of all points of view and amused at their limitations." They met only this once, but the Spaniard from Avila and the American

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from New York had in common a sensitive detachment together with an obsessing interest in the rare specimens of the human race whose motives and emotions they reviewed with a connoisseur's appreciation in the museum of their memory. Henry James and Santayana had another important nexus in their enjoyment of English life and their dispassionate patriotism. James was always as much of an American as Santayana is a Spaniard, but they both discovered that, apart from the orderly function of a leisured society, England offered unique security for personal privacy which their spirits required for full flowering.

This point of ex-patriation, de-patriation, dis-patriation —the prefix is determined by the critical attitude assumed—is discussed in not a few of the essays so kindly collected by F. W. Dupee; essays by 26 men and women of some literary eminence, all eminently intelligent. The earlier dictum that James was a snob and an artist who had failed because he had lost the nourishment he might have found in his native soil seems definitely to be outdated. Edna Kenton draws attention to the fact that James coined the word "dispatriation" to connote detachment. His main interest lay in the interaction of the United States with Europe and, notwithstanding his choice of residence, he always enjoyed "the affluent poverty of a Country of my Own," as he once wrote to Edith Wharton. Even Van Wyck Brooks now admits that "the soil to which he remained so long uneasily detached; the soil to which, in response to his own desire, he was brought back to be buried at last, was, for James, in spite of all, The Sacred Fount."

Constance Rourke, with an historian's background, revives the memory of the fashionable preoccupation of Americans in international relationships after the Civil War. Henry James, who had spent a large portion of his boyhood in Continental travel, was the one American writer who seemed to realize the import of this international trafficking. He absorbed the pecularities of the American landscape the more quickly and consciously for having known other backgrounds, but just as for him New York always retained the dignity of the unostentatious friendliness of the red brick houses on Washington Square, so in his novels the Americans are, as it were, the doves—expensive, sumptuous doves—among the more exotic birds of plumage and of prey in the European aviaries.

While the essayists discuss at length James's style—"the pattern of his carpet"— his Freudian (?) tendency, his characters, his settings, his symbolism, his philosophy is also revealed in a collection of stories, chronologically arranged with excellent comments by Clifton Fadiman.

A couple of them illustrate the Jamesian theory of wealth. In common with every man whose mind governs his material life, James's goal was spiritual freedom. To the religious this means the liberty of living closer to God, and saintly people open wide their arms to poverty. Freedom to James meant weaving truthfully and unmolested the tapestries of his imagination, safe from the intrusion of practical matters upon his muse's tranquillity. He pitied the poor man, not because he might he cold or hungry, but because his way of life might be disturbed with such disagreeable digressions from intellectual amenities. He is thus ascetic in the sense that he wastes no sympathy over material wants. "The Real Thing" has, for the weaker minded, a heartbreaking conclusion when the reduced Major and his wife proved to be such

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failures as models of their own set that they nearly cost the illustrator his contract; they then beg him to let them stay on as servants. But the point that interests both the artist and James is not that the Monarchs may be nearly starving, but that all they have to offer are the externals of good manners and good clothes while the little Cockney, who can so quickly catch the aristocratic pose, represents not only the quickening power of the professional over the amateur but the ideal over the real—the thing-in-itself over the thing. In "The Birthplace," an ex-schoolmaster rebels against the mass of fictitious detail he is engaged to tell the visitors at Stratford-on-Avon. But he is fearful of not following the directions of his Committee because he has no other home to offer his aging wife. Suddenly he is confronted by the beautiful freedom of attitude possessed by the rich young American couple to whom he ventures to reveal his scepticism. Their wealth is their armor—their symbol of liberty.

Truth for James must be sought in the delicate apperceptions of the individual, and sought with a conscious integrity of spirit. He never subscribed to the pragmatic theory of his brother; truth could, least of all, be measured by utility for Henry. Perhaps in his inmost soul he perceived beauty and goodness under a divine form, yet outwardly he veiled the form under the lucent mantle of Good Taste. Good Taste was the apogee of his ethic—a disciplined, temperate form of charity, as coolly impersonal and impeccable as a New England meeting-house. Yet in his recognition of the power of evil there is a negative recognition of God, and James endorsed the Book of Job's vehemence against the man of tepid heart—the spiritual dilettante. "The Beast in the Jungle" is no ordinary tale of horror but the tragedy of the egoist who knew he was living under a curse and finds out too late that the curse is that he has never really lived. "The Jolly Corner" also belies its title. It is the quintessence of self-analysis; the case of an expatriate who comes back to seek in the old house on Fifth Avenue for the-man-he-might-have-been. One night Brydon knows for certain that this other self is lurking somewhere in the empty rooms. For full three pages he hesitates to turn a door-knob in an extraordinary feat of abstract writing. Then, near the end of the grand staircase, he comes face to face with the other Man, who doesn't wear a monocle, who has even lost two fingers in a cruder struggle with life, but who has also known all the passion and emotions which Brydon has missed. Brydon loses consciousness but is revived by the woman who has loved him all along not only for what he is but for what he is not.

The nearest approach to religion in these stories is "The Altar of the Dead." Here the hero is so shocked by the forgetfulness of the living for their dead, that he endows an altar in a church of the "old faith" where candles are kept constantly lighted for each of his friends who dies. James never seems to have questioned the possibility of reserving an altar for a personal cult any more than he seemed to apprehend the beauty of the actual bond between the living and the dead in the Catholic Church.

It may be my imagination, but so potent is the spell of James's style that a faint spice of it seems to flavor the phrases of most of his commentators. What is it in James which has inspired such penetrating interest in such varied persons: poets like T. S. Eliot, Spender and Auden; fellow novelists, Gide and Conrad, Ford Madox Ford, Thomas Beer, Howells; critics as keen as Edmund Wilson, Percy Lubbock, Van Wyck Brooks, Blackmur,

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Matthiessen? Possibly the relief in a world reeling under the externalities of violence of finding one man always more interested in the motive than in the act, and in the sense of wellbeing that is the gift of the artist who has converted his craftsmanship into a tool of perfection.

E. V. R. WYATT.

Agriculture in an Unstable Economy. Theodore W. Schultz. McGraw. $2.75.

THIS thorough analysis of the business aspects of the farm picture is not optimistic. It points out—with the aid of copious charts, graphs and footnotes—what a national asset it is that our over-all farm output is steady regardless of drought, flood, boom or depression. Only war materially affects it. Yet the very stability of farm production, which is of such benefit to the nation, works to the actual detriment of the farmers themselves, since it operates simultaneously with an industrial output that is highly erratic.

It all seems to work out this way, according to the obviously competent Dr. Schultz. When our industrial output falls off and unemployment grows, farm prices (which are competitive and the subject of heavy speculation) drop off sharply. The farmer then has to work even harder for his dollar. He has also to pay the same high prices for the products of industry. When American manufactures pick up, farm prices rise but slowly. If city people have more money to spend, it is only those who have animal products for the market who immediately experience any appreciable rise in income. As the author works it all out, industry must expand so much faster than agriculture that an annual increase of from four to six percent in industrial output is required to absorb the comparatively desirable increase of two percent a year in farm production. Surpluses and ruinously lower prices continually threaten the American farmer; that is certainly his prospect in the near future.

Professor Schultz deals with many related things. He finds overemployment on the farm the greatest dragweight on rural prosperity. He sees this condition aggravated unless industry is able to absorb more and more men from the country. He cites an estimate that one third fewer American farms than in 1940 could produce one third more commodities in 1950. This is largely because of improved labor-saving technology. He does not explicitly consider depletion of the soil and maintains that family-type farms have to be bolstered by various government services to make a go of things. He lists most methods of going back-to-the-land under "What Not to Do." In short he is much more concerned with farming as a strenuous business rather than as a desirable way of life. But his facts cannot be ignored.

Perhaps his greatest service and the biggest contribution here of CED, which sponsored the research which went into this book, is the insistence that farm and industry prosperity are firmly interrelated. He traces the farm trouble of the 30's directly to the industrial depression. He estimates that ten percent more food properly distributed, would bring all American families to a decent nutritional level. He concludes that "agriculture simply cannot continue to bear the load placed upon it by our unstable economy." This plainly factual book cannot be overlooked by anyone seriously interested in American farm problems or our national farm policy.

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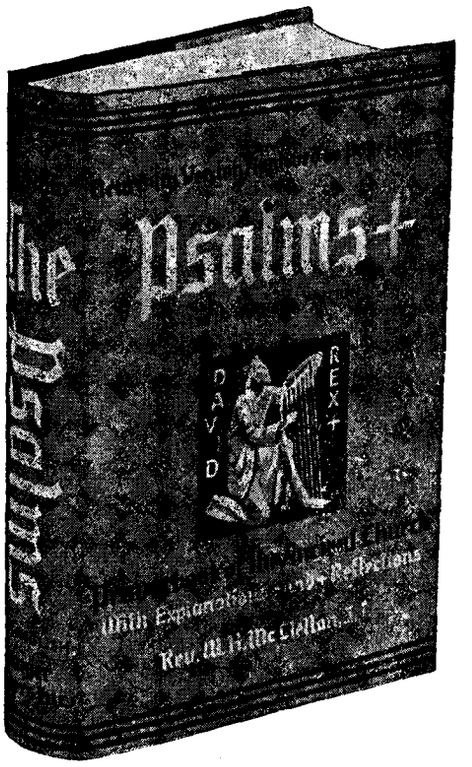

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The Inner Forum

Maryknoll and Chile

THE VERY REVEREND John J. Considine, M.M., Vicar General of the Maryknoll Fathers, is at present visiting his order's missions in Latin America. The first of his reports is published in the January *Field Afar.* He finds that the two greatest needs for priests in Chile are in the sparsely settled rural districts and in the city slums. In the area where Father Martin Dunne of New York and Father Leo Zemalkowski of Scranton are laboring in Cholchol the people had been without a resident priest for fifteen years. They are "Chileans and Araucanian Indians, most of whom have little left of the Faith beyond the belief in Baptism. . . . Some men and women who presented themselves for marriage had never made their first confession and knew nothing of the meaning of the Blessed Sacrament. Common law marriages in such areas are as high as thirty or forty percent." Now almost ten percent of the adults assist at Sunday Mass.

The missioners in these rural areas have to travel on horseback, although one of the Maryknollers in the Pemuco country gets around by bicycle. "Largest of the Maryknoll country parishes is Corepto which runs twenty-five miles in one direction and fifty miles in another. Father William Schulz of New York City, the pastor, and his two curates, Fathers Walter Sandman of San Francisco and Joseph Rickert of Brooklyn, all spend many hours each week in the saddle. . . . Father Schulz has a heretofore neglected field, but a promising one, for his parishioners are small farm owners who take life more seriously than do many of their fellow Chileans."

In Poblacion Dreves, a miserable section of the city of Temuco which has never had resident priests, "attendance at Mass in the tawdry little chapel was less than five percent when the Fathers began and other indexes of religious life were similarly appalling." Then there is the parish of San Vicento in Chillan, a parish of ten thousand souls without a church; for all but two of the city's churches were destroyed in the 1938 earthquake. Bishop Larrain of Talca has three Maryknoll priests serving under him. Here, as in other Chilean cities, the Maryknollers make their way through the slums on foot. One of these, Rev. James Manning of Richmond Hill, N. Y., is the founder of a labor school for the training of Catholic leaders among Talca's craftsmen. Through the building of chapels and schools and personal ministrations Maryknoll Fathers from the United States are helping to meet the greatest need of the Church in Chile and many other Latin American countries: priests.

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